

DEDICATION .

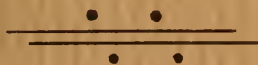
... OF ...

.Stark.Park.

... BY ...

.. The City of Manchester ..

... New Hampshire ...



ORATION ...

... BY ...

. GEN. CHAS. H. BARTLETT .

... June 17, 1893 ...

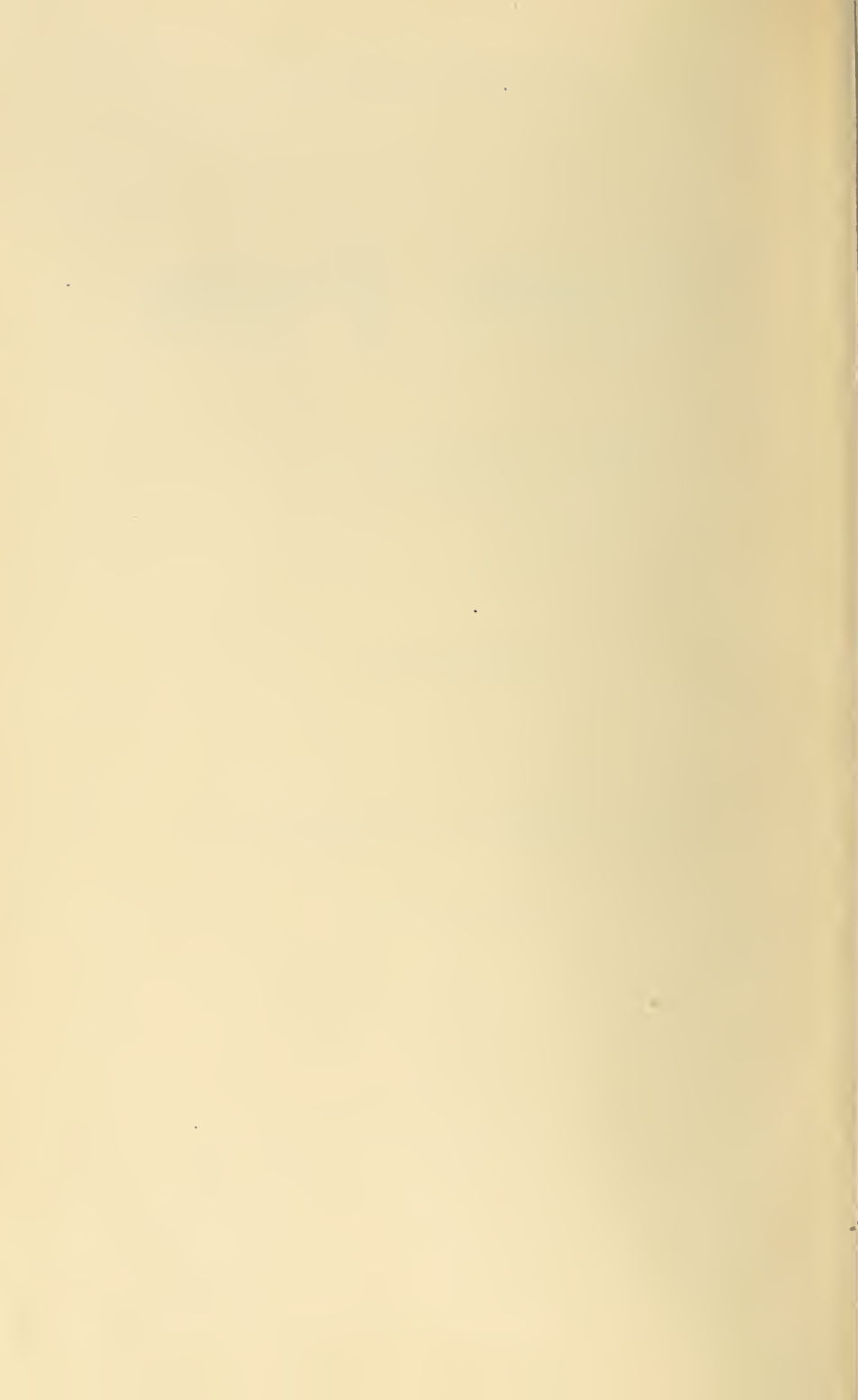
DEDICATION
OF
STARK PARK

BY THE
CITY OF MANCHESTER, N. H.

ORATION
BY
GEN. CHAS. H. BARTLETT

JUNE 17, 1893

MANCHESTER, N. H.
PRINTED BY THE JOHN B. CLARKE COMPANY
1893



DEDICATION EXERCISES.

An event which awakened memories of the patriotic past,—inspiring recollections of that period when this nation was born,—was the dedication of Stark Park on the seventeenth of June, 1893, under the auspices of the Manchester city councils.

Pursuant to a vote of the city government, a committee consisting of Mayor E. J. Knowlton, Aldermen James Lightbody and Richard J. Barry, Councilmen Joseph Tait, George E. Fellows, and Ludger E. Desrochers, and Park Commissioners George H. Stearns, Leonard P. Reynolds, and Horace P. Simpson was appointed in May to make all the necessary arrangements for the exercises, and under their direction and that of the board of fire engineers,—who ordered the annual parade of the fire department for the same day,—the various details of the program were carried out.

The morning dawned with lowering skies and a drizzling rain, which later in the day developed into a driving storm. Despite this inhospitable outlook it was determined to carry out the event in full in accordance with previous arrangements, and at 10 o'clock A. M. one of the grandest civic and military processions that has ever been seen in New Hampshire was moving through Elm street northward to the park. Conspicuous in the parade were the Amoskeag Veterans, of Manchester, Worcester Continentals, of Worcester, Mass., and Putnam Phalanx, of Hartford, Conn., these commands comprising the only Conti-

mental organizations in this country. Uniformed after the manner of the Continentals of Revolutionary days, there seemed an especial appropriateness in their presence.

The procession moved in the following order :

THE PARADE.

Chief of Police M. J. Healy.

Platoon of Police, fourteen men ; Capt. Lafayette Tebbetts commanding.

New Hampshire Cycling Club, fifty-six men ; Capt. Moses Sheriff commanding.

Chief Marshal Winfred H. Bennett.

Chief of Staff Charles D. Sumner.

Staff : Willis Patten, Frank Preston, George E. French, A. W. Glines, Charles E. Wason, Irving L. Campbell, Edwin H. Carpenter, O. D. Knox, J. H. DeCourcy, Dr. W. H. Lyons.

FIRST DIVISION.

Francis H. Pike, drum major.

City Band, twenty-six pieces ; Horace D. Gordon, leader.

Chief Marshal, Chief Engineer Thomas W. Lane.

Aids : Assistant Engineers Fred S. Bean, Ruel G. Manning, Eugene S. Whitney, Clarence D. Palmer.

Manchester Drum Corps, four pieces.

Manchester Veteran Firemen's Association, twenty men, President Orrin E. Kimball.

General Stark Steam Fire Engine Company No. 5, with apparatus, fourteen men ; Charles W. Brown, foreman.

Amoskeag Steam Fire Engine Company No. 1, with apparatus, fourteen men ; Charles F. McCoy, foreman.

Fire King Steam Fire Engine Company No. 2, with apparatus, fourteen men ; David G. Mills, foreman.

Merrimack Steam Fire Engine Company No. 3, with apparatus, fourteen men ; Frank F. Porter, foreman.

N. S. Bean Steam Fire Engine Company No. 4, with apparatus, fourteen men ; Lucius B. Snelling, foreman.

- Chemical Engine Company No. 1, with apparatus, five men ;
George N. Burpee, foreman.
- Pennacook Hose Company No. 1, with apparatus, twelve men ;
Albert Maxfield, foreman.
- Massabesic Hose Company No. 2, with apparatus, twelve men ;
John F. Seaward, foreman.
- Excelsior Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, with apparatus,
twenty men ; Jerome J. Lovering, foreman.

SECOND DIVISION.

- Col. G. M. L. Lane and staff, consisting of Col. Miner G. Fry,
of Derry, Major Frank B. Perkins, Adjutant C. S. Clifford,
Chaplain Charles S. Murkland, Surgeon Neil F. Starr, Pay-
master Harry E. Parker, Quartermaster George F. Higgins,
Captain Harry B. Cilley.
- First Regiment Band, twenty-eight pieces ; W. S. H. Jones,
leader.
- Sheridan Guards, Co. B, Capt. E. F. Shea, forty men.
- Drum Corps, four pieces ; J. E. Herring, leader.
- Scammon Rifles, Co. E, Capt. F. W. Tibbetts, forty men.
- Lafayette Guards, Co. H, First Lieutenant M. R. Maynard, forty-five men.
- Upton Light Infantry, Co. C, First Lieutenant E. H. Knight,
thirty men, together with two drummers.
- Emmet Guards, Co. K, Capt. P. H. O'Malley, thirty men.
- Independent Drum Corps, five pieces ; J. H. McKenzie, leader.
- Manchester Cadets, Capt. F. L. Downs, forty men.
- West Side Drum Corps, four pieces ; L. Boardman, leader.
- High School Cadets, Capt. Herman Christophe, forty men.
- Pontifical Zouaves, Capt. J. H. Gamache, twenty men.
- Columbia Drum Corps, six pieces ; E. Jarvis, leader.
- Young Sheridans, Capt. Robert Costello, fifty-six men.
- Battery, four guns, seventy men, First Lieutenant Ed. H. Currier.

THIRD DIVISION.

- Chief Marshal, Col. Daniel F. Healy.
- Aids : William H. Minot, Charles L. Fuller, Samuel M. Worthley,
C. C. Webster, Denis Morgan.

Manchester War Veterans' Drum Corps, four pieces ; J. F. Cole, leader.

Manchester War Veterans, forty-five men ; H. F. W. Little, captain.

Louis Bell Post No. 3, G. A. R., forty men ; Henry S. Perry, commander.

Joseph Freschl Post No. 94, G. A. R., twenty men ; Austin Goings, commander.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Chief of Staff, Major Abner J. Sanborn.

Aids : John Hanson, H. W. Oxford, Dr. E. B. Dunbar, Harry Lord, James G. Lake, Col. F. W. McKinley, Thomas Slattery, Frank X. Chenette.

Rublee's Band, Laconia, twenty-six pieces ; A. F. Rublee, leader ; Moody K. Wilson, drum major.

Amoskeag Veterans, seventy-two men ; major commanding, Henry E. Burnham.

Delegates from Boston Tigers : Capt. F. T. Rose, Capt. L. F. Papautt, Capt. George W. Hunt, Lieut. J. H. Quinn.

Worcester Brass Band, twenty-three pieces ; L. D. Waters, leader.

Worcester Continentals, one hundred men ; Col. Nathan Taylor commanding.

Putnam Phalanx Drum Corps, sixteen pieces ; Major Norman L. Hope, leader.

Putnam Phalanx, one hundred and thirty-one men ; Col. H. O. Blanchard commanding.

Carriage containing Gov. J. B. Smith, of Hillsborough ; Gen. George Cook, of Concord ; Col. F. C. Dow, of Manchester.

Carriage containing Gen. S. H. Gale, of Exeter ; Col. C. H. Dunlap, of Nashua ; Capt. H. H. Miller, U. S. A.

Carriage containing Gen. C. H. Bartlett, orator of the day, Congressman Henry W. Blair, Mayor E. J. Knowlton, president of the day, and Rev. F. S. Bacon, chaplain of the day.

Carriage containing Street Commissioners George H. Stearns, Leonard P. Reynolds, Horace Simpson, and Clerk Allan E. Herrick.

Carriage containing Col. George A. Purrington, Col. George L. Bliss, T. P. Gard, George W. Hubbard, and Robert Ruddy.

Carriage containing W. A. Gile, of Worcester ; Chaplain Almon Gunnison, of the Continentals ; Hiram Forsaith, and Senator A. G. Fairbanks.

Carriage containing J. F. Bruso and H. N. H. Lugin, of Worcester ; A. M. Bowers, of New York ; and Henry A. Hoyt, of Worcester.

Carriage containing George L. Hall, B. F. Doherty, and A. W. Rose, of Worcester ; and G. A. Cheney, of the " Worcester Gazette."

Carriage containing J. S. North of Welaka, Fla. ; J. W. Coslee, of Glastonbury, Conn. ; A. R. Baker, of the " Hartford Courant " ; and George K. Wilcox, of the " Hartford Post."

Carriage containing E. Dart, J. N. Waite, R. R. Lamater, and C. F. Hart, all of Hartford.

Carriage containing Isaac N. Bertram, of Sharon, Conn. ; Henry Ensign, E. R. Barnard, and F. A. Honess, of Hartford.

Carriage containing Chaplain E. L. Thorp, of the Putnam Phalanx ; ex-Mayor G. M. Brown, ex-Mayor Henry Kennedy, and Capt. W. H. Lockwood, of the Putnam Phalanx.

Carriage containing George S. Nichols, C. Hunt, S. L. Barker, of Hartford ; and D. L. Talbott, of Glastonbury, Conn.

Carriage containing E. B. Chase, H. F. Barrows, Henry Kohn, and C. T. Georgia, of Hartford.

Carriage containing Edward J. Lamb, F. W. Heins, B. Blumenthal, and Louis Ling, of Hartford.

Carriage containing William Waldo Hyde, of Hartford ; Congressman Lewis Sperry.

Carriage containing Edson S. Heath, Frank A. Dockham, L. E. Phelps, and City Solicitor Edwin F. Jones.

Carriage containing ex-Gov. Frederick Smyth and Councilmen Joseph Dana, John Gildard, and Joseph Tait.

Carriage containing Aldermen Byron Worthen, Sam C. Lowell, William Marcotte, and George W. Reed.

Carriage containing Alderman James Lightbody, Councilmen Charles H. Harvey, George E. Heath, and Frank H. Libbey.

Carriage containing City Auditor James B. Straw, City Treasurer Sylvanus B. Putnam, Councilman Charles R. Holbrook, and City Clerk N. P. Kidder.

Carriage containing ex-Alderman Oliver B. Green, Alderman C. L. Wolf, Zebulon Northrup, and J. H. Nutter.

Carriage containing Councilmen Harry E. Webster, George B. Rogers, Alexander J. McDonald, and Frank X. Foster.

Carriage containing Col. E. C. Shirley, Alderman A. D. Maxwell, Tax Collector George E. Morrill, and Councilman L. K. Snow.

Carriage containing S. B. Stearns, C. B. Spofford, G. E. Fellows, and George L. Stearns.

Barges containing one hundred High School pupils.

On the arrival of the head of the procession at the park, the famous "Molly Stark" cannon, captured from the Hessians at the battle of Bennington, by General Stark, belched forth a welcoming salute of thirteen guns.

The occupants of the carriages, the school children, and the First Regiment Band, together with a delegation from the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, took seats upon a spacious inclosed platform, which had been especially prepared for the occasion, near the grave of Stark, the military companies and civilians filling the wide expanse in front of the platform.

THE EXERCISES.

Mayor E. J. Knowlton, president of the day, called the assembly to order, and spoke as follows :

We meet on this memorable anniversary to perform the patriotic duty of dedicating this beautiful tract of thirty acres of land to the uses of the public, and in so doing we commemorate the valor, patriotism, and loyalty of Gen. John Stark, virtues which shone so resplendently in him at Bunker Hill, a century and eighteen years ago this day. The ashes of the old hero and his faithful consort, Molly Stark, sleep within this park, and although their forms have passed away, yet do they speak to us from out of the past, and that we have not forgotten the achievements wrought through sacrifices of the men and women of 1776 is demonstrated by the events of this day.

The First Regiment Band followed with an overture composed of national melodies, at the conclusion of which one hundred pupils from the Manchester High School, under the direction of Prof. J. J. Kimball, sang "America."

The invocation by the chaplain of the day, Rev. F. S. Bacon, pastor of the People's Baptist Tabernacle, was as follows :

INVOCATION.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we, Thy children, rejoice this day in Thee. In Thee we live and move and have our being. We bless Thee for this glorious day, with all its privileges and opportunities. Thou art ever with us in the minutest as well as the largest affairs of life. Thou art constantly regarding us with all embracing love. And now, Lord God, as we are gathered on this memorial occasion, in the presence of this monumental shaft, whose dumb lips grow eloquent with the memories of him whose dust sleeps beneath,— upon this anniver-

sary day of our country's earliest struggle for freedom, we beseech Thee to fill our hearts with gratitude, and our lips with praise.

We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, that the lines have been cast to us in pleasant places, and that we have a goodly heritage. We stand as a nation, upon a shore unshaken, to look out upon the nations of the earth that are many of them rocked and tossed as ships upon a stormy sea. We are in peace while others are in tumult; we are without revolutions, while they are in the midst of wild upheavals, walking in garments dyed in blood. We believe that the footsteps of God are in the earth. We rejoice that the shakings of the people are the signs of His coming for justice; for the deliverance of the poor, the needy, the down-trodden, and oppressed. How long, O Lord, how long shall the hoary prophecies of the past wait for their grand fulfillment? Thou art arousing nations from the slumber of ages, and through fiery trials art bringing them forth into a brighter day.

We rejoice in Thee, and when we compare our privileges with those of nations abroad, we have occasion to humble ourselves in view of Thy goodness. We have not deserved an estate so much better than they. Thou hast doubtless for our fathers' sake blessed us. We are the inheritors of prayers, of tears, of struggles, of self-denials, that in ages past Thou didst inspire in our heroic fathers. Grant that we may be worthy at last of the heritage of their faith. Let us not cast our birthright heedlessly away. May we stand in our places not simply to gratify ourselves in the riches of our inheritance, but to rejoice before God in them, to perpetuate them, to transmit them to our children and our children's children, through many generations.

Be pleased, thou God of nations, to speak unto this people and unite our hearts in common citizenship. Bless our nation. May there be progress in civilization; may there be progress in religious things; may this nation spring forward and develop a nobler justice, a truer humanity, and a more faithful service of Thee. Be Thou with all our rulers,—those who occupy positions of authority and power. May our state and national councils be imbued with the spirit of God. Bless our loved city in all her various departments of civic life. May all officials, upon whom

devolve the wise administration of her affairs, be especially enlightened and strengthened for their arduous duties. Bless all these different organizations here represented,—our veterans of the civil war, our firemen who watch over our safety with un-sleeping vigilance, our children of the public schools who mingle their voices in patriotic song, our honored guests, some of whom bear historic names, coming down to us as voices from out the storied past. Bless him who speaks to us to-day. Fill him with an appreciation of the grandeur of this occasion, and give him a comprehensive grasp upon the salient features of his theme, so that he may utter thoughts that shall kindle and uplift our souls.

And now, O Lord God, we dedicate this public park in the name of patriotism and humanity and God. He who bequeaths to it the sacred legacy of his honored name, one of the foremost sons of our loved commonwealth, is no more. Watch Thou over his peaceful ashes which sleep their long sleep within its sacred enclosure. As our youth and maidens walk within its hallowed precincts, may they look with reverential homage upon the monument which patriotic hands shall rear, as with subdued voices they rehearse the old story of a nation's struggle and a nation's triumph.

And now, O God, our prayer is before Thee. Answer Thou us according to Thine infinite mercy. We ask not because we are worthy, but because Thou art gracious. We ask them for Thine own name's sake, and to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit shall be praises forevermore. AMEN.

Hon. Charles H. Bartlett was next introduced, and delivered the following oration.

ORATION.

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens :

The establishment of Stark Park has long been a favorite project of many of our patriotic citizens, and the public sentiment, long tending in this direction, first found expression in organized movement on the 30th day of May, 1889, upon this spot, when, on motion of Edwin P. Richardson, Esq., a committee of five, consisting of ex-Governors Person C. Cheney and Frederick Smyth, Col. George C. Gilmore, Hon. Aretas Blood, and the venerable Joseph M. Rowell, was appointed to co-operate with a like committee from Louis Bell Post, G. A. R., in presenting the subject for the action of the city government.

On the 2d day of May, 1890, Louis Bell Post, the committee above referred to, and many other of our citizens, joined in a memorial to the city government praying for the purchase of this tract of land and its use as a public park, and not merely as a public park but emphatically as a STARK park.

The proposition received favorable consideration, and by a unanimous vote it was referred to the legal voters of the city to be acted upon at the city election in the following November. An overwhelming vote in favor of the proposition gave the city government full power to act, in the premises, and on the 3d day of January, 1891, the city completed the purchase and received the conveyance from Elizabeth B. Stark and Augustus H. Stark, lineal descendants of Gen. John Stark.

The lot of two acres, embracing the site of the monument and the grave of Stark, was conveyed by his heirs to the city on the 14th day of January, 1876.

In further development of this patriotic enterprise, thus initiated, on this 17th day of June, a day forever memorable in the annals of civil liberty, in the presence of these renowned military organizations, so widely famed, so highly honored, representing in the habit and costume of the fathers three of the commonwealths that participated in the formation of the Federal

Union, comes the city of Manchester, by her official representatives and this vast concourse of her citizenship, to formally dedicate these acres, immortalized and hallowed by the slumbering dust of her greatest hero and patriot, to the free and common use of all her people, in memory of him whose name it is the pride and glory of this great nation to honor and cherish, plain, honest, fearless, daring, patriotic General John Stark.

To this work, so honorable to the dead, so creditable to the living who thus demonstrate their worthiness of such an ancestry, well may we come with hearts filled with gratitude and generous appreciation and glowing with pardonable pride in the possession of the priceless inheritance which is ours to enjoy and ours to transmit.

Most appropriate, indeed, was the selection of this day for this purpose, for who, in heroic effort and soldierly achievement, did more to impart the grand significance now so universally accorded to it by a great, happy, and liberty-loving people than he whose name is ever hailed upon its recurrence with an unbroken chorus of sweet benedictions from all true and loyal American hearts!

How suggestive is this day of the names Bunker Hill, Putnam, Prescott, Warren, Stark! — names no one of which is ever spoken with the others unthought — floating in sweet companionship on the tide of fame through all the cycles of time, till liberty no longer claims a devotee and patriotism finds no kneeling worshiper at her shrine.

Other days have their significance and their scarlet tints on liberty's calendar, but the 17th of June, with her baptism of fire and blood, and her noble and generous sacrifices at the cradle of the infant republic, can never take second place in the hearts of the people who dwell upon these hills and in these valleys, which once resounded with the footsteps of so many of the actors in that early drama that so electrified the American colonies in the morning of their great and noble struggle for liberty and independence.

No less appropriate was the selection of this particular spot for this purpose. Indeed, the park-builder was here before Stark, — before the white man or the red, before the waters had leaped

yonder falls in their reckless rush to the sea, before the surrounding forests had shed their maiden leaves, or the rainbow had spanned this vast amphitheater with its tri-color arch. Before any of these, the creating palm of the Divine Architect, with a cunning unknown to human skill, had molded and fashioned the marvelous landscape that spreads before us into forms of beauty and of grandeur to charm the eye and fascinate the soul.

The construction account of Stark Park is with God and not with man, and so must remain forever. What little Manchester can do to beautify, to adorn, to adapt, in comparison with what nature has already done with lavish and prodigal hand, our pride forbids the mention. Little indeed is left for us but to dedicate and enjoy.

But it is not alone because of the attractions of this beautiful spot, it is not alone for the bracing air, the cooling breeze, and the life-giving sun that we dedicate this park to-day. True it is that unnumbered thousands will turn from their accustomed occupations when the labors of the day are done and its burdens cast aside and hitherward bend their weary steps within these ever-open gates to revel in all of these, and, thanks to the wisdom and generosity of our City, the humblest child of toil who mingles in the activities of this busy, bustling metropolis can here come and feel at ease, for he can say, "Here am I at home, for this spot is no other's more than mine."

But other considerations, higher, deeper, more soul pervading than any which can spring from our appreciation of the grand and beautiful in nature, from relaxation, rest, and social enjoyment, have moved this vast multitude to this historic spot. Other considerations, stirring more profoundly the emotions of the human heart, have brought to us these distinguished guests from the honored commonwealth of Massachusetts, in whose storehouse of precious jewels is treasured so much of Revolutionary memory and renown—a commonwealth that embraces within her borders Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Concord. ample passports to an immortality of glorious fame;—from Connecticut an organization whose very name thrills every patriotic heart and awakens memories of deeds of daring and feats of valor unsurpassed in the annals of war. Other considerations have brought

them to our city to join with our own battalion of kindred renown, whose presence is always and everywhere prized as an object lesson in colonial history, to join with them in celebrating and worthily commemorating the great historic event of one hundred and eighteen years ago, a grateful duty already so grandly and magnificently done.

Welcome, thrice welcome, as guests of our municipality this day also, as honored, and we trust not uninterested witnesses of these dedicatory exercises — dedicatory not of a pleasure ground merely, for we are here rather to open this volume of patriotic literature, and to invoke heaven's blessing upon it, for such is Stark Park to-day and so will remain so long as free government blesses and protects us.

Here the living of to-day, and the unborn of many a to-morrow, will come to read upon its sacred page the beautiful lessons of patriotism, of loyalty, of love of liberty and of country thus imperishably recorded.

It is true that upon this spot no great event of war occurred. No hostile armies met here in the shock of battle. These fields were never furrowed with plunging shot and shell, dread messengers of death and destruction. This soil never slaked its thirst in the crimson current fed by the precious fountains of patriotic hearts. The charge, the repulse, the shout, the response, the solemn roar of artillery, the ceaseless spiteful roll of musketry, the clash of glistening steel, the groan, the execration, the curling sulphurous smoke, rising above the din and carnage of battle as if to shut out from heaven all sight and sound of that hell on earth which war alone can make, — all these are here unknown.

It is sometimes said, as though a circumstance of disparagement, that New Hampshire boasts no battlefields within her borders. It was never her habit to await the approach of an enemy. When within her reach, whether at Bunker Hill, Bennington, or elsewhere, she always sallied forth to meet him, and after having met her on other soil he never sought to further cultivate her acquaintance.

But this was the home of Stark. These were his ancestral acres. Within sight of where we stand his life work, in time of peace, was accomplished. He tilled these fields. He tended the

mill just below at the Falls. He was a husbandman, frugal, honest, industrious. He was not rich; as wealth is now rated there were not great riches in his day. This beautiful river that seems to slumber at our feet, and yet the busiest of rivers, turning more spindles than any other of its length on the face of the globe, had then hardly begun its wageless work for man. Yet nobody asks about the schedule of his assets. Nobody inquires whether in the pursuit of this world's possessions he was successful or otherwise; whether in this direction his luck was good or ill.

Here is a suggestion for the young who witness these ceremonies to-day and who feel their hearts warmed by the aspiration, so honorable to youth, to deserve something of their race and kind that shall cause their memories to survive them, and their names to be honorably mentioned by succeeding generations. That result is not accomplished by devotion and consecration to one's own selfish and personal interests, however successful he may be in securing to himself more than his legitimate share of this world's possessions. Nobody is inquiring to-day how much or how little General Stark did for himself. Our thought is absorbed in that grander and nobler consideration, What did he do for his country and for mankind? I need not enlarge upon this suggestion.

Born in the neighboring town of Londonderry on the 28th of August, 1728, a change of residence by his parents brought him here at eight years of age, and he here closed the days allotted by a kind Providence to him on earth, on the 8th day of May, 1822, far advanced in his 94th year, having outlived all his comrades in arms of equal rank with himself, and here he sleeps in death upon the spot he most deeply loved in life.

It would seem appropriate and befitting the occasion if we should here review, somewhat in detail, the events in which General Stark was so conspicuous an actor, his own part therein, the causes that led up to the wars in which he was engaged and rendered an appeal to the sword inevitable, the outcome of those struggles, and the consequences which have so copiously flowed from them and influenced in so marked a degree the destiny of mankind upon the western hemisphere, but such is not the program of the hour, nor is it necessary.

Upon another occasion of comparatively recent occurrence and kindred significance, a most brilliant and accomplished orator of our state, now unhappily no more, whose keen and polished intellect left no gem ungarnered within its reach, explored this fruitful and thrilling theme in all its relations, and the product of his genius and profound study and investigation is now safely and conspicuously incorporated in the permanent literature of the state, and accessible to all. He is indeed a bold man who would venture to improve or enlarge upon the effort of a Patterson, which left nothing in doubt, except whether he had contributed the more to the glory and fame of Stark as a patriot and warrior, or to his own renown as scholar and orator.

Yet we should expose ourselves to just criticism, we should even suffer self-reproach for unpardonable neglect, did we fail here and now, in this memorial hour, to recall something, in brief, of the grand typical character of the era in which he lived and the grand work he accomplished.

Fortunate indeed he was in the allotment of his career among men. He fitted most perfectly the time, the place, and the circumstances of his earthly existence. No other epoch in all history was better adapted to the development of his character, the display of his powers and the accomplishment of so great and lasting results. Most kindly, too, did Providence deal with him in so lengthening out his tenure of life that he was permitted to witness nearly a half century of his country's independence which he helped to achieve, its growth, its development, prosperity, and happiness.

It was his rare felicity to mingle with the generation that followed the Revolutionary era, to receive its congratulations, its generous recognition, and its heartfelt benedictions, especially when we consider the mature age at which his invaluable military services were rendered. The same longevity that protracted his life till 1822 would have carried Grant to 1916, Sherman to 1914, and Sheridan to 1925. The refinements and luxuries of modern civilization may have intensified human enjoyments, but they can hardly be said to have enlarged the boundaries of human existence.

General Stark was of Scotch-Irish descent and inherited a physique characteristic of his ancestry. Tough as a gnarled oak, erect as a forest pine, with muscles of hickory and nerves of steel, with a courage that knew not fear, to him summer's heat, winter's cold, forced marches, exposure, and privations were all trifles light as air.

Uneducated in any broad sense as recognized by the schools, unskilled in the art of war as taught by the masters, he yet possessed a mind singularly clear and original in its grasp of such military tactics as were most useful and essential for operations mainly with small arms and in a thickly wooded country. He seemed to know intuitively all that was essential in planning a battle, whether offensive or defensive, and he was as vigorous and effective in execution as he was wise in plan and skillful in strategy. Physically and mentally he was a born hero, waiting only for opportunity, and the opportunity came.

His rough and hardy experience as hunter and trapper in his boyhood, his knowledge of the habits and characteristics of the natives and their mode of warfare, early acquired, added not a little to his effectiveness in many a critical moment when the fortunes of war hung in doubtful balance.

His intense loyalty to his country, his ardent patriotism, his quenchless love of liberty—these were never questioned, and he lost no opportunity to impress his views and sentiments upon the community about him, and such was his force of character and power and energy of expression that he swept all opposition before him, and nowhere in the colonies was there greater unanimity of sentiment in favor of American independence and entire and absolute freedom from British domination and control than within the circle where his influence was the greatest.

The colonies did not come suddenly and unanimously to the demand for separation and independence. The sentiment of loyalty to the parent government was deeply rooted in the American heart, and when her injustice and oppressions became offensive, obnoxious, and at last unbearable, many a patriotic citizen held up his respectful petition to the crown for justice, sincerely hoping that its granting would end all further controversy, but with the undrawn sword in reserve for use in case of

ultimate refusal ; but the obstinacy of the king was a most potent factor, under the providence of God, in solving the mighty problem, to the everlasting glory of America and the welfare of mankind.

In this feeling Stark did not share. His just and accurate judgment of King George III. convinced him of the folly and uselessness of longer supplication and entreaty, and so he came early and inflexibly to the resolve to which others came, after longer and useless parley with the infatuated and unreasoning despot.

General Stark's participation in the campaigns of the seven years' French and Indian war had given him great advantages over his brother officers in the revolutionary conflict who had taken no military lessons in that best of all schools — the school of practical experience.

General Stark himself felt his superiority in this respect, and he had a right so to feel. And it takes no great stretch of imagination to conjecture that he felt some measure of disappointment if not of chagrin, that what was so manifest to him and of such public notoriety throughout the colonies, should receive so little consideration at the hands of the colonial authorities.

He had great independence of character, and perhaps was somewhat punctilious in matters of etiquette, and he was not always in accord with his contemporaries, nor in harmony with those who had the conduct of public affairs in the then somewhat chaotic and provisional condition of the colonial government.

If, for an hour, as another has said, he played Achilles in his tent, it was only because, as he saw it, the pathway of honor left no other choice. But the best and most conclusive answer to the only criticism ever made upon his conduct in temporarily retiring from service when the contest was still on, is found in the fact that nearly a century and a quarter after the occurrence, after intervening generations have come and gone, after the unerring searchlight of history has focalized its rays upon his conduct and explored his motives, when no false coloring could deceive, the State of New Hampshire, with perfect

unanimity, with no dissenting voice heard within all her borders, selects the statue of Stark as the companion of that of Daniel Webster, whose name no title can honor and no praise exalt, to represent the grandest and noblest types of her manhood product in the great art gallery of the nation.

This final and irreversible judgment of history leaves nothing to be extenuated, nothing to be defended. Confessedly too little of a politician always to secure merited recognition, he was too proud a man to submit to rank injustice or to serve in any capacity or any cause under conditions that involved personal humiliation. It is but simple justice to say of him to-day that he never failed to respond to his country's call when an honorable pathway to service was open to him.

No opportunity was given to General Stark and the New Hampshire patriots to participate in the affair at Lexington and Concord. The movement, intended as a surprise, was not heralded so far away. No Paul Revere on foaming steed rode up the valley of the Merrimack, sounding the alarm that war was on, in season for the fray. No signal light in belfry tower could shoot its feeble ray to these distant hills to tell whether the British had left Boston by land or water. But the story of Lexington and Concord flew on the wings of the wind to all parts of the country, and hardly had the British forces accomplished their hasty and harassed retreat into Boston when Stark and hundreds of his comrades were at their heels.

Only one drop of innocent blood ruthlessly shed, only one hostile act against the long suffering colonies was needed to electrify the people and set the whole land ablaze with patriotic ardor. That blood had now been shed, that overtact had now been committed. The whitened fields waved their tinselled plumes to the harvest moon and nodded for the reaper's sickle, and the reaper came. In a twinkling this whole country was emptied of its resolute, stalwart manhood, the grand "hero of the hills" leading and pointing the way. No less brave hearts were left behind,—hearts that could dare and pray if they could not fight,—but they were the hearts of mothers, wives, and daughters.

Anciently it was said, "All roads led to Rome." Now all

footsteps turned to Boston, for thither led the trail of blood from Concord. Those blood drops shone bright in deepest scarlet on the hearthstone in every American patriot's home, and they stained the threshold of every door. The good old parson smiled when he read to his faithful flock, "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord," and then he solemnly added, "All God's children are his partners in this business."

Cambridge was the tent-field of this gathering army. No, it was not an army. It is a rank misnomer to so designate it. Material there was, and the best and noblest for war, but it was not yet an army. It was only a gathering of the faithful, an assembly, a throng, a small multitude. Every man went his own way and kept step with himself. But if there was yet no army there were its characteristics. Everybody wanted to fight, and not only wanted to fight but was bound to be gratified. The hand was uplifted and the blow must fall.

And yet how unprepared for battle, for conflict with trained, drilled, machine-like moving veterans, whose occupation was war and whose delight the smoke of battle! Hardly two men were armed alike. Every man had to pare his bullets to fit his own musket. There was no interchange of ammunition. A cartridge was useless unless a gun could be hunted up that it would fit. In this gathering of the yeomanry there was little pretension as to uniform and still less as to uniformity. The garb of the field, the shop, the mill, the chase, all passed inspection alike.

So far as it was an army it was an army of many commanders. There was no supreme authority, no military head. Connecticut was there with Putnam in command. New Hampshire was there under Stark and Reed, while Massachusetts had a much longer official roster, but there was no one master spirit to assume control of all and mold them into unity.

The movement to build a redoubt on the heights of Bunker Hill was based upon no strategy looking to any important military results? Of what use was Bunker Hill to the patriots swarming around Boston? Every man who went across the Neck to fortify that post marched into a trap where he could have been starved to death without firing a shot, or the loss of a man, simply by the British taking possession of the Neck and

cutting off communication from without. But they knew the British would not submit to their presence in that position and so on the night of the 16th a thousand men crossed Charlestown Neck to throw up a redoubt and bring on a fight.

The story of Bunker Hill needs no recital here. A Boston historian has said: "The two men in this army most experienced in war were General Putnam of Connecticut and Colonel Stark of the New Hampshire forces. Their fame and their presence are a tower of strength. The man upon whom the army most relies after these two is General Warren, who has just been elected but has not received his commission." General Gage, surveying the field of operations from the steeple of the Old North Church before the first charge, was asked if he thought the rebels would stand. "Yes," he replied, "if one John Stark is there, for he is a brave fellow."

The patriots lost Bunker Hill on the 17th of June, 1775, for two reasons: First, the want of sufficient ammunition, and, secondly, a lack of military discipline. With plenty of ammunition the redoubt could have been defended till re-enforced from other parts of the line. With an ordinary degree of discipline the reserves would have obeyed the orders of General Putnam and re-enforced the redoubt before the third assault struck it. The farmers and hunters, who in large measure composed the American forces that day, had very crude notions as to the amount of ammunition needed to fight a battle. They considered a charge as sure for a man as for game in a hunt. They had not heard in that day that it took a man's weight in lead to kill him in the arena of war. Even an officer of rank declared, in a conference about ammunition before the battle, that five rounds per man was enough if everybody would take as good aim as he did when he shot deer. It is safe to say, however, that in no conflict ever fought in civilized warfare, under like conditions, did so little lead leave so many slain as went down before the patriot lines on Bunker Hill.

It really mattered little which way the issue of the battle was decided, so far as the possession of Bunker Hill was concerned, for it could have been of no use to the patriots. But everything of moment that day that was fought for was won by the colonies. Independence was won then and there, though acknowledged

seven years later. How rich was that day in incidents which shed immortal glory upon it. When Warren came into the redoubt that morning and was hailed by a universal shout, Prescott magnanimously offered him the command, which he declined with characteristic modesty. He had a general's commission in his pocket but had not qualified, and preferred to fight that day musket in hand, as a private in the ranks. Unselfish, gloriously unselfish, but wise beyond all measure, was that decision. Putnam urged him to go into the redoubt, for his life was too precious to be exposed in open field. But he was not hunting for safety that day. He was an example maker in the great cause of liberty, so dear to his heart, and so chose the weakest spot in the line between the redoubt and Stark's command.

With musket in hand he fell; fell proclaiming to all mankind by the conspicuousness of his example, how great, how noble, how glorious it was to die for liberty and for country. No grander opportunity ever came to man in the great conflict of human rights against oppression since the morning stars first sang together, and never was opportunity more grandly embraced. The life that went out that day in darkness and death will illuminate the pathway of man forever. No rank, no title, no length of days could add to the sublimity of his achievements in the early sunrise of Liberty to man on earth, for he filled to overflowing the full measure of human glory.

England should have seen at sunset on that day how useless to protract the struggle. The spirit of the colonies, as there manifested, was unconquerable and would down at no human bidding. How little of America could she purchase at the price she paid for that field of slaughter without bankruptcy to her treasury of blood and bone?

It counts nothing against Bunker Hill that the possession of the field was lost. What the patriots *did there* marks an era in the history of the world more richly freighted with blessings for the race of man than any other on history's page.

It was Stark's rare good fortune to participate in the engagements of greatest importance and renown by reason of the consequences flowing from them. Notably among these are Bunker Hill and Bennington. The numbers engaged in both instances bore little proportion to results achieved. The former was the

grand inauguration, and the latter the most magnificent rescue from the low ebb tide of the patriot's cause, which dispelled doubt and gloom and spanned the broad land with the bow of hope and promise.

Bennington was not a great battle, as this generation looks upon war. Measured by the great battlefields of the Rebellion it pales into insignificance. Yet in magnitude of consequences it was the Gettysburg of the war of the Revolution. It turned the tide, which, in its swelling volume a little later on engulfed Burgoyne and his hosts in the red sea of British disaster.

When Grant said, "We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," he epitomized the grand strategy that crushed out the life of the rebellion; but Stark, nearly a century before, with no less wisdom and foresight, and penetration no less acute, as laconically voiced the true philosophy of that earlier struggle when he said to Washington at Trenton, "If we would achieve independence we must not rely upon our spades and pickaxes, but upon our fire-arms and our courage."

However agreeable it might be to follow the hero of this occasion through his long and distinguished career, to render fit and appropriate tribute to his companions in arms, whose glory and renown shed such imperishable honor upon the old Granite State, and to the hero-patriots of the musket who composed his ever invincible battalions, under the necessary limitations of the hour we must here pause in the story of Stark, a story heretofore often told and hereafter many times to be repeated. And let us hope, in the not far off future, it may be repeated here in fuller detail by more eloquent lips than mine, when what we here see in crude, unfinished state, responding to the cunning hand of art and the transforming touch of culture, shall take on the charm and beauty of perfect finish.

When, too, I trust that the equestrian statue of Stark, already a fixed fact in the resolute and inflexible purpose of this patriotic people, shall adorn yonder elevation, and, as a sleepless sentinel, keep faithful watch and guard that the altar fires of liberty shall never become extinguished in the land of her birth.

When, too, may we still further hope, in that day of approximate justice to a great name and noble character, representatives, not only of Massachusetts and Connecticut, but of all the original

thirteen, shall here behold a more lofty and imposing monumental structure, sinking deeper into the earth and lifting its summit nearer to the clouds, the cheerful and willing work of state or municipal gratitude and pride, fitly celebrating for all time the honored name it will bear — the grandest cause and the noblest struggle in all ages — and worthy of the state and city he honored by his citizenship and blessed by his supreme courage and devotion on the field of battle.

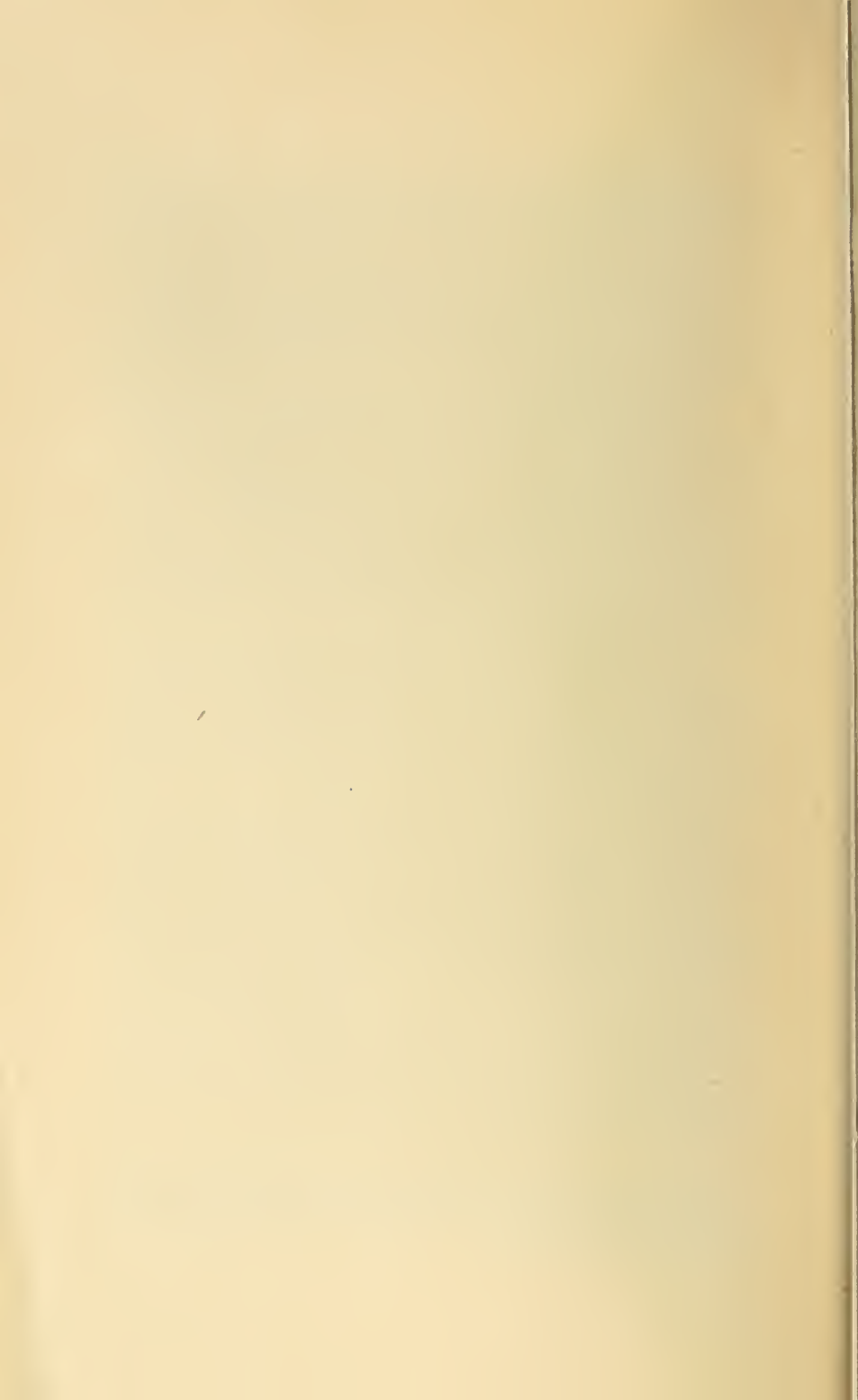
I cannot appropriately utter the closing word of the hour without tendering to the various organizations, patriotic, military, and civic, participating in these dedicatory exercises, the profound acknowledgments of the people whose sentiments I am permitted to voice, for their generous and patriotic action on this occasion. In such hands the honor of the city can never suffer, and her high and sacred duty as custodian of the sepulchre of Stark we may rest assured will henceforth be met in a manner befitting so honorable, so exalted a trust.

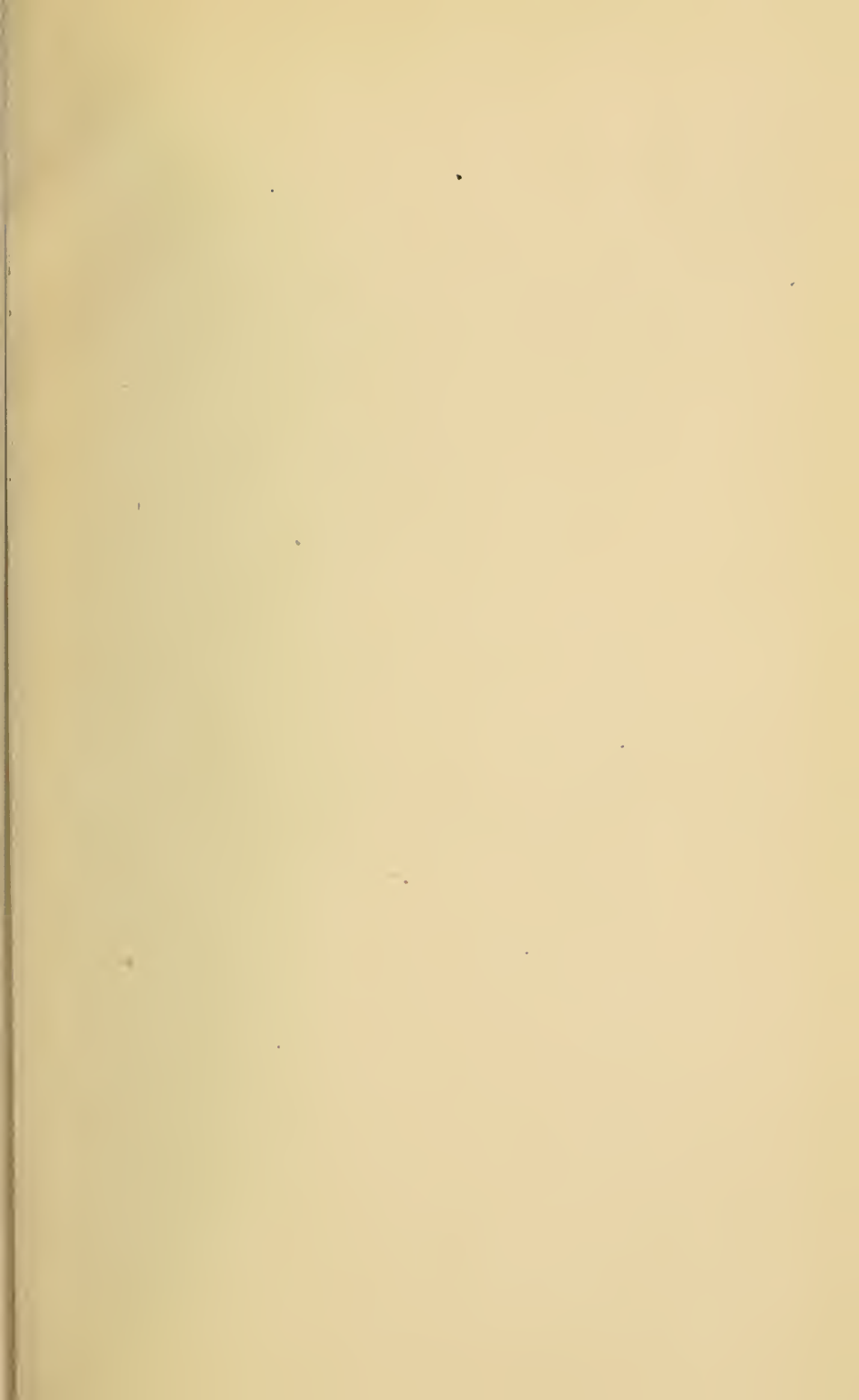
To the descendants of our honored hero, some of whom still perpetuate his name among us, and whose presence here is a circumstance of deep interest and impressive significance, we offer our congratulations that time neither obscures nor bedims their inheritance of ancestral glory. Long may they live in its enjoyment and the happiness which it confers.

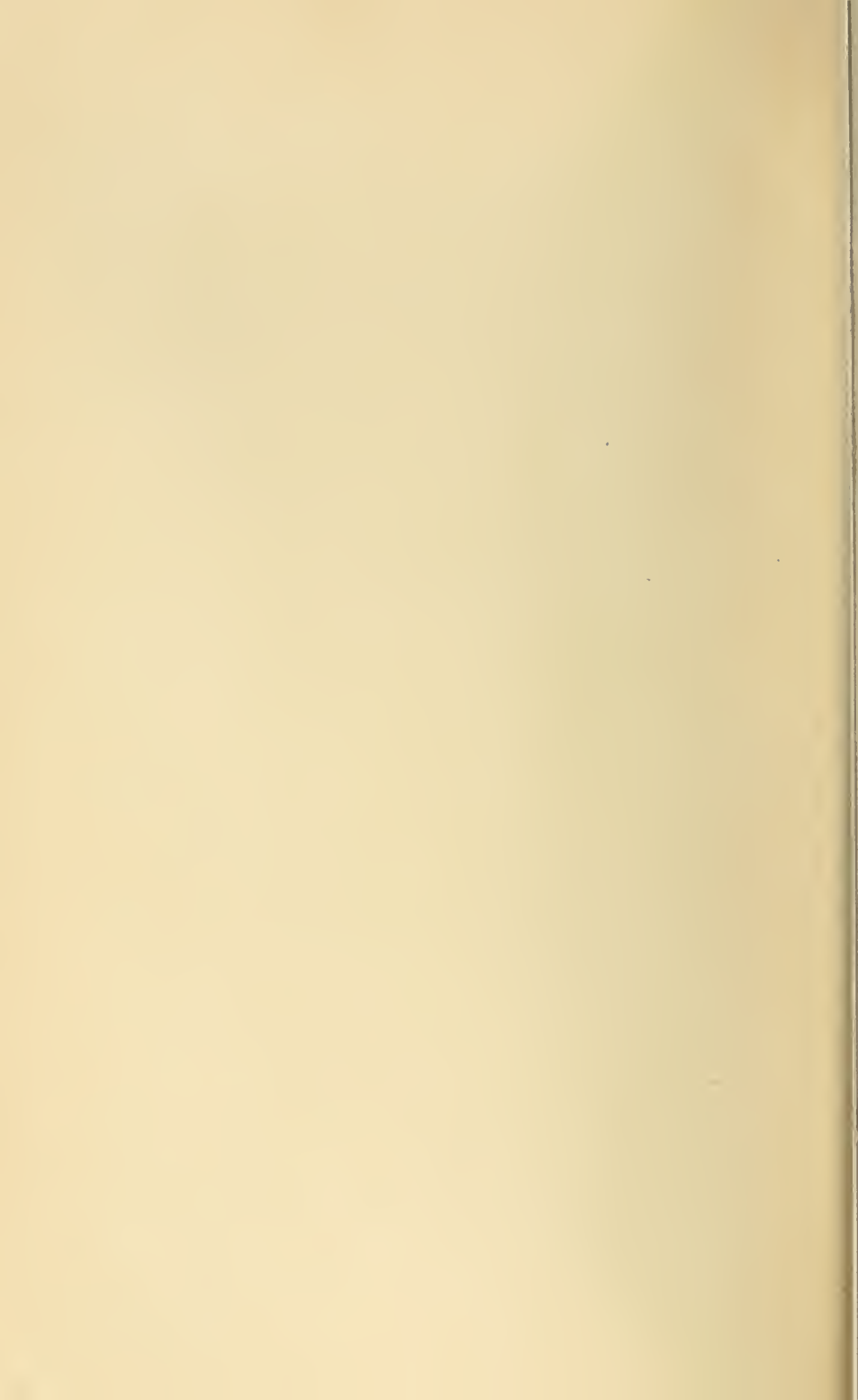
Fifty years ago this hour the completion of Bunker Hill monument was celebrated. How crowded with events of mightiest magnitude and greatest moment to this country and to mankind is that half century! What triumphs for national unity and integrity, what progress in art and science, what growth and development, what advancement in civilization has it witnessed!

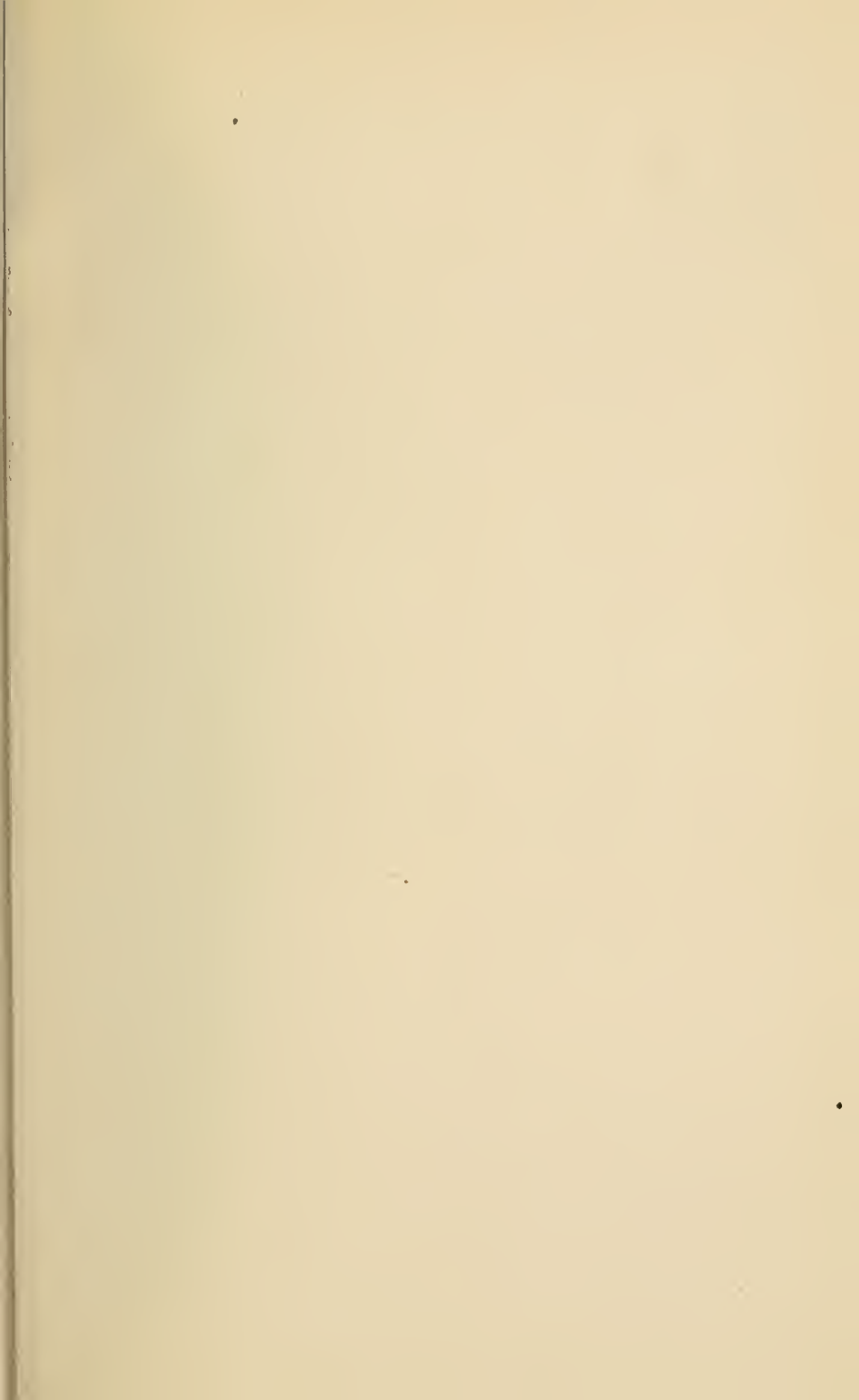
Let us retire from these ceremonies with the exalted hope that those who shall follow in our footsteps and assemble upon this spot a half century hence to celebrate the event which has entered so largely into our thought to-day may be equally fortunate and happy in the retrospect that awaits them.

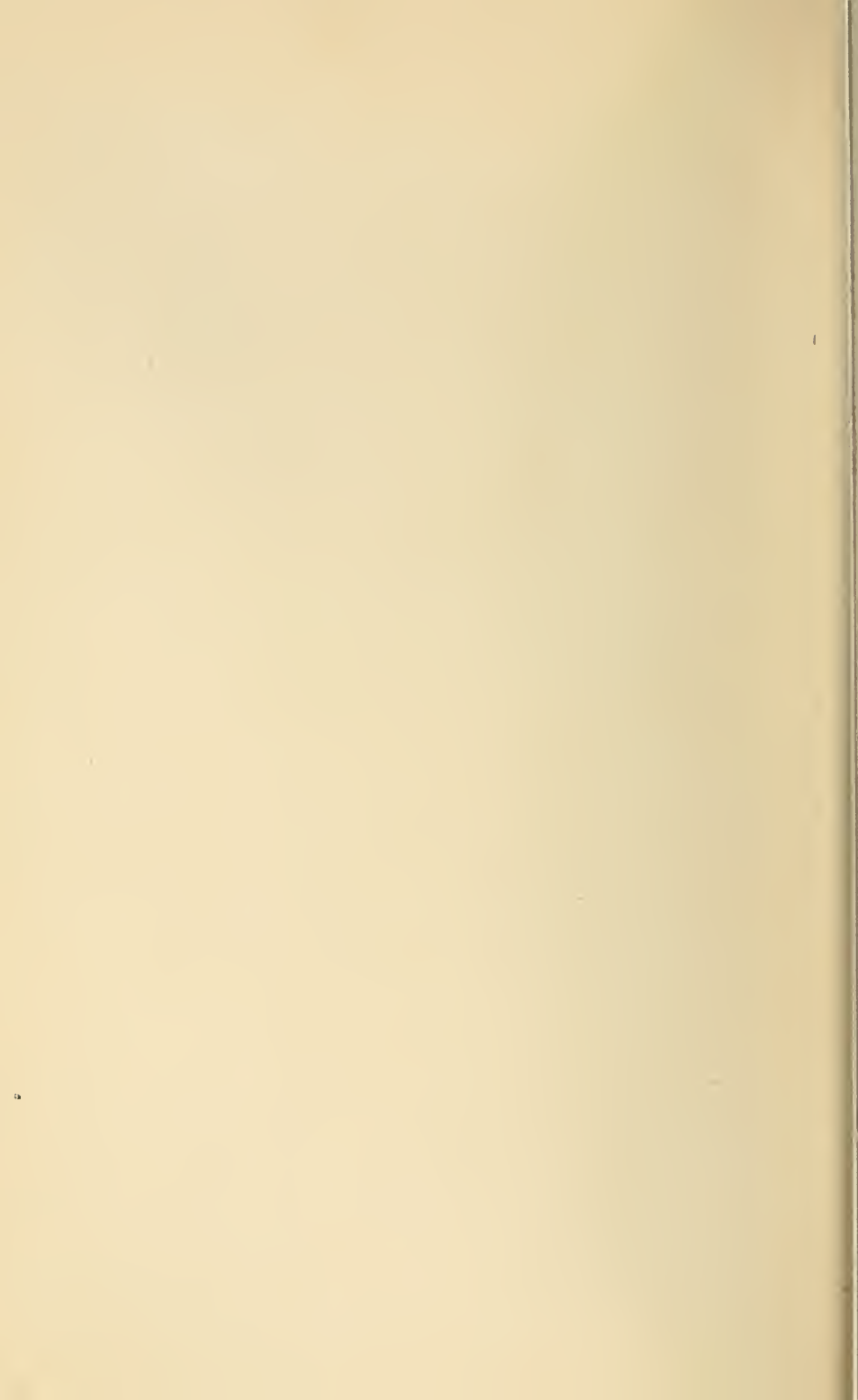
The closing exercises consisted of the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the school children, after which the assembly dispersed.

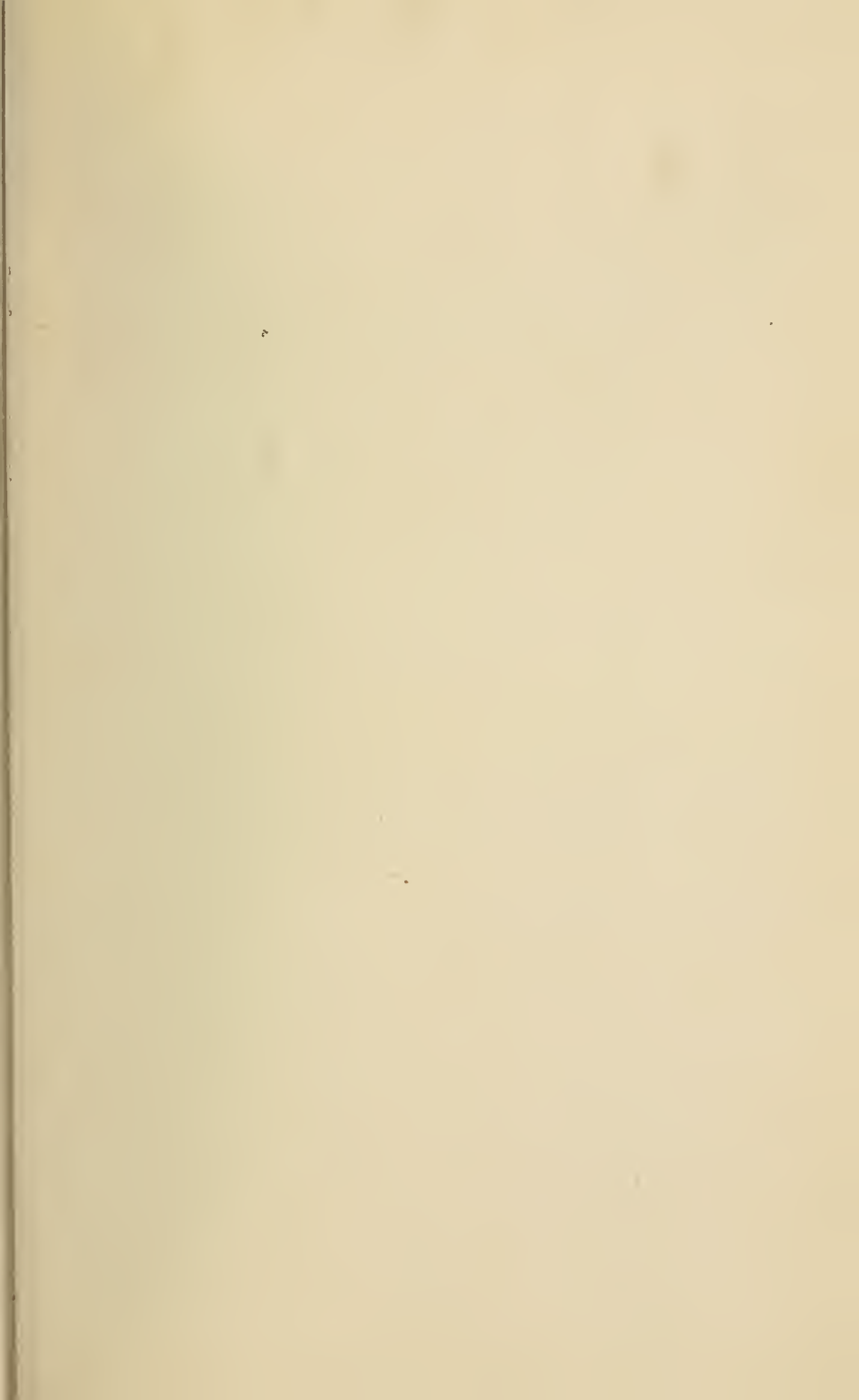












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